

1. Great is the Lord our God. And let his praise be great. He makes the churches his abode. His most delightful seat,  
 2. In Zion God is known. A refuge in his trust, How bright has his salvation shone. How fair his heavenly grace.

3. When kings against her joined, and saw the Lord was there: In wild confusion of the mind. They fled with hasty fear.

4. Oft have our fathers told. Our eyes have often seen, How well our God secures the fold. Where his own flock has been.

Verse or Chorus. Chorus. Verse or Chorus. Chorus.

Praise ye the Lord; Hab-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord; Hab-le-lu-jah! Hab-le-lu-jah! Hab-le-lu-jah! Hab-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.

1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower; If one sharp blast sweep over the field It with-ers in an hour.

2. But thy com-pas-sions, Lord, Do end-less years en-dure, And chil-dren's chil-dren ev-er find, Thy words of prom-ise sure,

3. The watchman join their voice, And tuneful notes employ, Je-re-miah breaks forth in songs, And de-serts learn the joy.

Verse. Chorus. Verse. Chorus. J. Hastings.

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on lion's hill: Who bring sal-vation on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal, And words of peace re-veal.

2. How char-ming is their voice! How sweet their tid-ings are! Lion be-hold thy sa-viour King: He reigns and tri-umphs here. He reigns and tri-umphs here.

3. The watchman join their voice, And tuneful notes employ, Je-re-miah breaks forth in songs, And de-serts learn the joy. And de-serts learn the joy.

Stafford S. M.

verse. Chorus.

1. My soul repeat this praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise. So ready to abate. So ready to abate.

2. His power subdues our sins. And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove, Doth all our guilt remove.

3. High as the heavens are raised. Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace, Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.

Nelson S. M.

Burial

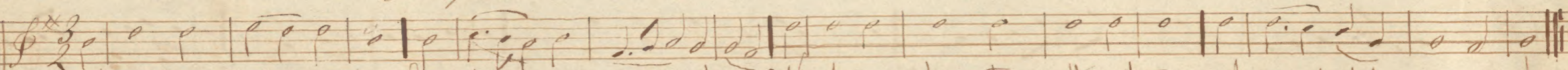
1. And must this body die? This mortal frame decay; And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the dust.

2. God, my Redeemer, lives, And often, from the skies, Looks down, and watches all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

3. Arrayed in glorious grace, Shall these vile bodies shine, And every shape, and every face, Look heavenly and divine.

Temple. S. M.

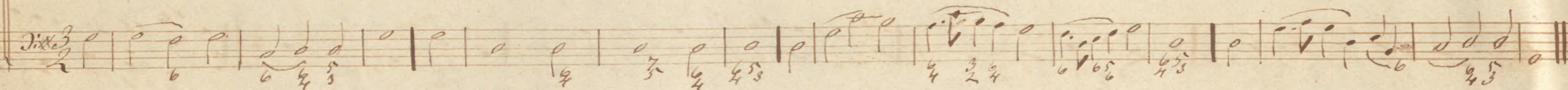
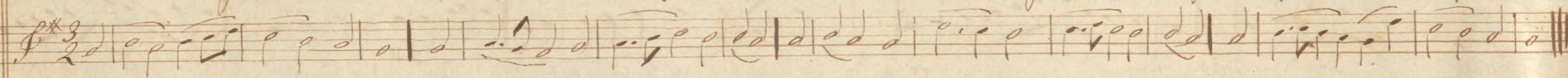
Webbe.



1. How beautiful are their feet. Who stand on Zion's hill. Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal.



2. How charming is their voice, How sweet their tidings are: Zion. be-hold thy Saviour King: He reigns and triumphs here.

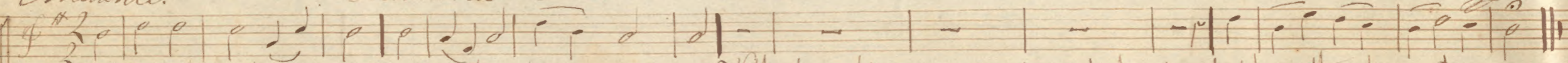


*Andante.*

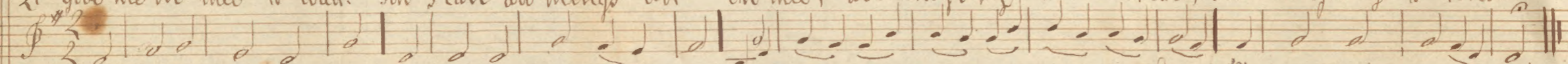
Shirland. S. M.

Verse.

Chorus. *Stando.*



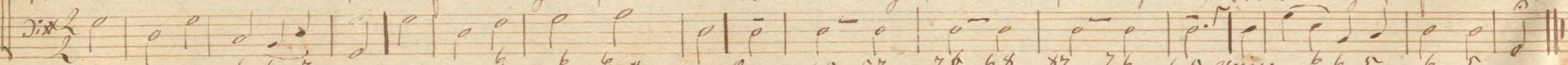
1. Jesus my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care, With humble con-fi-dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
2. Give me on thee to wait. Till I can all things do. On thee, al-migh-ty to create, Al-migh-ty to renew.



3. I rest upon thy word, The promise is for me. My suc-cor and sal-va-tion, Lord, Shall surely come from thee.



4. But let me still abide, Nor from my hope remove. Till thou my pa-tient spirit guide, Into thy perfect love.



6 6 7 6 6 4 4

Org. an. 6 5 5 7 7 6 6 4 4 3 2

7 6 6 4 8 7 7 6 6 5 6 6 5 6 4 3

var. 6 6 5 6 4 3